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NOTES AND QUERIES.

SONGS FROM GEORGIA.—The first of the following songs is one of my earliest childhood recollections on a Georgia plantation. There are many more verses. This is all I remember.

BETTER LIVE HUMBLE.

Stop steady, chillun, study yourselves!
Jest let me tell you 'bout God himself
When he was a-walkin' here below,
'Twixt de earth an' den de skies,
Eatin' of de honey an' drinkin' of de wine,
Somethin' like a Jerico, O Noah!

Chorus.

Better live humble,
Better live mil',
Better live lak some heab'ly chil'. [*Repeat indefinitely.*]

Water 'gins a-risin' to de third story high,
Hear dem chillun when dey 'gins to cry,
O Noah! open unto us in de name of de Lord!
If you don't let us in, we's gwine to die,
O Noah!

When I gets to heaben, I 'spects to stop,
Choose my seat, an' den sit down,
Argue wid de Father, chatter wid de Son,
Talk about de world dat I jest come from.
Talk about de green tree well as de dry,
Green tree die jest as well as de dry.
Talk about de short grave well as de long,
Short grave die jest as well as de long,
O Noah!

Simon Cyrene gwine dig my grave,
Dig my grave wid a silver spade.
Angel Gabriel gwine hold me down,
Hold me down wid a golden chain,
O Noah!

JOSHUWAY.

Joshuway was de son of Nun,
He prayed to de Lord for to stop de sun;
An' de sun was stopped, an' de battle was won.
God was wid him till de work was done.
God opened de windows an' began to look out,
De ram's horn blowed, de chil'en did shout,

De chil'en shouted till de hour of seben,
De wall fell down, God heard it in heaben.

Chorus.

Redeemed! Redeemed!
I've been washed in de blood of de Lamb.

Isaiah spoke of de comin' Messiah
Before he left de worl' on high;
Matthew's gospel loudly did cry,
Jesus is born an' sur'ly must die!

Judas was a deceitful man,
For he betrayed de innocent Lamb;
For thirty pieces of silver 'twas done;
He went to de woods an' himself he hung.

De Lamb was eatin' his las' passover
When Judas rested on his shoulder.
He spoke one word dat seemed to fright:
"One of you shall betray me to-night."

Matthew cried out, "Lord, is it me?"
Mark cried out, "Lord, is it me?"
Luke cried out, "Lord, is it me?"
John cried out, "Lord, is it me?"
He told John to watch an' see:
"It is him dat sopped in de dish wid me."

Judas dropped wid a murderous eye.
Judas cried out, "Lord, is it I?"
An' Jesus cried, an' was not afraid,
An' told Judas thou hast said.

Judas went unto de priest.
"De man you want is at de feast;
An' when we meet him, you'll know by this,
I'll walk up to him an' give him a kiss."

De high priest followed ol' Judas straight,
An' met him at Gethsemane's gate.
"We seek Jesus of Nazareth."
Christ he tol' 'em, "I am he."

They boun' my lord wid a purple cord,
An' led him away to de judgment-hall.
"We caught de fellow," I heard one say,
An' dey whipped him till de break of day.

Dey raised him upon de Roman cross.
Jerusalem was six furlongs off.
Dey nailed his hands an' riveted his feet.
De hammer was heard in Jerusalem's street.

I hear King Jesus as he groans,
Zion's daughters weeps an' moans,
An' de blacksmiths were nailin' him down,
God himself began to groan.

Christ called his Father,
He called him in love,
De doors an' de winders flew open above.
De saints who wore girdles 'round their waists
Drooped their wings an' veiled their face.

His soul went up on a pillar of cloud.
God he moved an' de heabens bowed.
Jehowah's sword was at his side,
On empty air he began to ride.

Some join de church an' put on pretence,
Until de day of grace was spent.
Dey've never a chance, dey know it well;
When Gabriel blows, dey go to hell.

Sunday comes, it's Christian's faith;
Monday comes, dey lose their grace.
De Devil gets 'em, dey roll up their sleeve,
Their religion comes out, an' begins to leave.

Dey go to church an' can't be still,
Because dey have not done God's will.
Old man Adam has never been out;
When God condemns dem, dey gits up an' shout.

THE ONE YE SOUGHT TO FIND.¹

I am the one ye sought to find,
Able to turn the water to wine.

Chorus.

Go on! I will go with you.
Open your mouth, and I will speak for you.
Lord, if I go and tell them what you say,
They won't believe me.

Brother, you ought to been standing at the pool,
See me when I try on my gospel shoes.

Sisters, you ought to be standing at the spring
To see me when I dip my silver wings.

One day, when I was walking along,
I met old Satan on the way.

Old Satan told me I need not pray,
For Jesus is dead, and God has gone away.

¹ I did not attempt the dialect in this.

He gave me a ticket, and he told me to go.
He gave me a horn, and he told me to blow.

And if I blow these lungs away,
My Jesus will renew them at the judgment day.

JESSE JAMES.

Frank and Jesse James,
Not many years ago,
Went off on an Eastern train,
Saying, "Your money or your life!
Your children or your wife!"
But they laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Chorus.

No more Jesse James,
No more Jesse James,
He robbed the Denver train,
It was on a Friday night,
The moon was shining bright,
But they laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Jesse James was a man,
He travelled through't the land,
Sword and pistol by his side,
Saying, "Your money or your life!
Your children or your wife!"
But they laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Jesse went to the depot
Not many years ago,
Something he had never done before,
He fell upon his knees,
And offered up the keys,
For the banks he had robbed many years.

Jesse James had a wife,
Called the darling of his life.
The children all grew up very brave,
But they fell upon their knees
And offered up the keys.
But they laid poor Jesse in his grave.

All the people of the West
Heard of Jesse's death.
They wondered how the hero came to fall.
Robert Ford's pistol-ball
Brought him tumbling from the wall,
Then they laid poor Jesse in his grave.

SUSAN FORT REDFEARN.